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THE TILED ROOF OF CAPRON HALL GIRLS' SCHOOL, MADURA, HAS NOT BEEN REPAIRED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND LEAKS BADLY ON ALL DWELLERS WITHIN. SUCH SHOWERS ARE NOT DESIRABLE. PLEASE SOMEBODY RAIN DOWN SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS OR ANY PART OF IT TO MAKE A NEW ROOF. MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Life and Light

Vol. L

March, 1920

No. 3

The Program of the Interchurch World Movement

When this reaches our readers the great sweep of the Interchurch plans will have caught up the churches of our land into a vast, comprehensive program to "Make Jesus King." It may be well therefore to re-emphasize a few of the vital points in the Movement.

1. It is not *primarily* a campaign for money. As shown at the Atlantic City Survey Conference by charts, maps and bound folios, the Committees on Survey of the Home and Foreign Fields have sought to measure the spiritual forces needed to evangelize the whole world.

To aid in this gigantic task the General Committee of the Movement has organized Departments which shall call forth these spiritual forces from the Protestant church members of North America, about 15,000,000 of whom, representing forty-two different communions, are more or less definitely pledged to its support.

2. These Departments include, among others, Spiritual Resources, Stewardship, Evangelism and Life Work.

a. The Spiritual Resources Department is led by Rev. W. E. Doughty, a man of deep devotion and breadth of vision. *Intercession* is the great dynamic of this Department. The month of January was set aside as a time for the formation of special Groups of Intercessors, by means of leaflets, articles in the religious press and addresses at the various conventions. This phase, known as the Fellowship of Intercessors, has its own literature, which may be obtained from the office of the Interchurch World Movement, 45 West 18th St., New York City.

b. The Stewardship Department has appointed as its objective

during February the enrollment of a Ten Million League of Christian Stewards. This Campaign has used every available method to bring to the membership of local churches the necessity for Christianizing the money resources and enlisting men and women who shall give a definite proportion of their income for support of their own churches and benevolent agencies.

Mrs. Grace G. Farmer, director of Women's Activities of the Interchurch, organized a reading contest through which she endeavored to reach 10,000 women as leaders of this Stewardship Contest. Literature is to be obtained at 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

February 22 was named as Stewardship Acknowledgment Sunday, and pastors were urged to preach on this subject and to use pledge-cards for the enrollment of Stewards.

c. March, in the calendar of the Interchurch, is to be devoted to the Evangelism and Life Work Departments. In fifty-two state conferences during February and March pastors are to meet the leaders of the Movement, and 2,900 County Conferences are also to be held to carry the appeal for Christian service to all the men and women affiliated with the Protestant churches of our land. At these conferences special emphasis will be laid upon reaching the young people of the communities. February 29 will be observed as Life Enlistment Day.

Appeals to the student body will be made during late February and March by a carefully selected group of some four hundred trained speakers. The Woman's Board has loaned Miss Ruth Isabel Seabury for a month, that she may have a part in the Campaign among College Students.

Evangelism will be the keynote in March. At all the Pastors' Conferences special emphasis is being laid upon the personal appeal, with the hope of recruiting the life of the churches and looking forward to a great ingathering of members at Easter.

3. From April 22-May 2 will come the great Financial Campaign, when the budget for 1920 of over \$300,000,000, which has been carefully adjusted to Board askings, will be sought. Unoccupied areas or fields at home and abroad where no evangeliz-

ing forces are at work are included in this total, as well as the regular budgets of the Benevolent Societies. This Campaign will take place simultaneously in each community and will be carried on by the cooperating churches. The returns will be credited to each church or denominational agency, according to the wishes of the donors.

Interdenominational agencies, as such, are not included in the Interchurch Budget, their askings coming in only through denominational organizations.

Our Congregational World Movement with its \$3,000,000 Emergency Fund, above the regular apportionment, will be a part of this Financial Campaign, April 22-May 2.

Editorials

Those who attended the Woman's Board annual meeting at Providence will recall Miss Angela Paloma's earnest appeal for "More teachers for our Spanish girls." We joyfully record the appointment for term service of two exceptionally qualified young women who are now beginning their work in Spain, Miss Beulah Singer, whose girlhood home was in Worcester, graduated from the high school of that city and later from Goucher College, Baltimore. She has done post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University and has had varied experiences in Government work and as a teacher. She sailed January 10. Miss Ruby E. Viets is the daughter of a Congregational minister and a native of East Woodstock, Conn. She is a graduate of Fitchburg Normal School. She received a degree from Radcliffe College and has taught successfully in Newton, Mass. She has been deeply interested in missionary work and had expected to take life appointment for Turkey, but goes gladly now to meet the need at Barcelona. She is expecting to sail in early March.

Miss Aldyth L. F. Eaton, daughter of former President Edward D. Eaton of Beloit College, has also been appointed to Barcelona,

and will join the faculty in the summer. Miss Eaton is now in Washington, D. C., where she is completing her preparation for the work in Spain.

Word has been received of the safe arrival in Harpoot, late in December, of Miss Harley, Miss Denison and Miss Turnbull, also of the missionaries returning to Sivas and Marsovan.

Personals.

Miss Minnie B. Mills of Smyrna arrived in New York, February 9, and after a visit in Boston will be with her family in Omaha.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark took with them a host of good wishes when they sailed from New York, January 10, hoping to visit Czecho-Slovakia and possibly other new republics of Europe, in the interest of Christian Endeavor. In the autumn they expect to attend conventions in Great Britain. It will be a pleasure to our readers to learn that Mrs. Clark has promised to write some account of their travels for LIFE AND LIGHT.

A significant gathering of women was that held in Washington, D. C., February 7-9, to discuss the plans of the Interchurch World Movement and to bring the women of the churches into closer touch with its program. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody presided, and there were about 280 delegates from thirty-two states, among them leading women from professional and civic life, as well as the leaders of the national woman's organizations more distinctively missionary. Such names as Mrs. Robert Lansing, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, and other distinguished Washington women were on the program, while the leaders of the Interchurch were there with their surveys and stereopticon pictures. It was a great occasion, and many women were at that time enlisted to give time, money and life service for furthering this great Interchurch project. Other similar meetings, on a smaller scale, are now going on throughout the country, with "teams" of women speakers to carry out the same program, so far as possible. The dates of

**Women's
Interchurch
Conferences.**

these women's meetings will parallel the State Pastors' Conferences which are now being set up by the Interchurch. Among the women leaders are Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, Mrs. William MacDowell, Mrs. R. S. M. Emrich, Mrs. E. C. Cronk, Mrs. W. H. Farmer, also many prominent laywomen who will make local arrangements for the conferences. Four meetings will be held in New England—Hartford, February 23-24; Providence, March 3 and 4; Boston, March 8-9; and Bangor, Me., March 10-11. These meetings are in the nature of Training Classes, and will be attended by those who are able to give time as speakers or leaders in the 3,000 county meetings of the Interchurch to be held in March and April. A committee of women for the New England cities has been appointed, of which Miss Grace T. Colburn, of Newton Centre, Mass., is chairman, and invitations will be sent to representative women of the churches who are willing to enroll themselves as workers in this great campaign.

The death of Mrs. Frederic M. Turner, of Brooklyn, which occurred at her home, January 31, after months of invalidism, takes from the New York Branch one of its **Mrs. F. M. Turner.** most valued and beloved workers. Mrs. Turner was treasurer of the Branch for eighteen years, and retired only because of ill-health. She was an active member of Central Congregational Church, and active in many benevolent and religious organizations. She was a director of the Woman's Board of Missions, representing New York State Branch.

Our readers are doubtless following the development of the plans for the Congregational World Movement as they are reported from time to time in the *Congregationalist*. A Conference of Branch officers **The Congregational World Movement.** has been called for February 17th to consider the manner in which the Woman's Board may most wisely and effectively co-operate in this Movement. We shall hope to report in the April LIFE AND LIGHT the results of this Conference. Meanwhile it must be remembered

that the money to be raised in the April 22—May 2 Campaign is for emergency needs and we must not relax our activities for meeting the regular apportionments of our churches.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, JANUARY 1—31, 1920

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from Investments and Deposits	TOTAL
1919	\$18,890.80	\$571.07	\$829.45	\$848.75	\$21,140.07
1920	19,648.41	2,631.23	1,726.66	646.50	24,652.80
Gain	\$757.61	\$2,060.16	\$897.21		\$3,512.73
Loss				\$202.25	

OCTOBER 18, 1919—JANUARY 31, 1920

1919	\$38,523.58	\$979.78	\$11,974.65	\$2,305.20	\$53,783.21
1920	49,558.01	4,004.48	16,443.25	2,232.99	72,238.73
Gain	\$11,034.43	\$3,024.70	\$4,468.60		\$18,455.52
Loss				\$72.21	

RECEIPTS FOR REGULAR WORK AND BUILDINGS
JANUARY 1, 1919 TO JANUARY 1, 1920

COUNTING ON APPORTIONMENT FOR 1919				NOT COUNTING ON APPORTIONMENT		
From Auxiliary Societies	From Churches	From Church Or- ganizations	Total	From Indi- viduals	From Other Sources	From Amer- ican Board War Emer- gency Fund
\$125,479.95	\$21,276.22	\$8,800.67	\$155,556.84	\$55,857.60	\$19,366.57	\$23,038.02
TOTAL.....						\$253,819.03

OUR FRONTISPIECE—WHAT IS YOUR REACTION?

One of the great needs of the Board is money to meet constant demands for repairs on its mission buildings. Our frontispiece calls attention to a request from India for a new roof which cannot long be denied. This is only one of many needs of this character which are pressing hard upon our Buildings Committee.

First of all let us extend the welcoming editorial hand to the *Monthly Bulletin* of the W. B. M. P., a modest but very bright and attractive news-sheet, which made its appearance January 1. The subscription price is twenty-five cents and the first edition was about 1000.

New Publications.

The object is to give fresh facts about the Board and its missionaries to the home constituency as soon as possible.

A Lenten Prayer card, asking that the *Gift of Prayer* be made during Lent by every auxiliary, is now ready for free distribution, accompanying the Lenten Offering envelope in societies where that offering is asked, and to be used among the Bands of Intercession, now being formed in many Branches.

A story by Mrs. F. E. Clark, in which she sets forth the advantages of the Conditional Gift plan, may be obtained for free distribution by Branch Secretaries of Literature.

Established in a New Home

By Caroline E. Frost, Adams, Natal

I WANT to tell you how thankful I am for this fine little cottage that I am fairly moved into. When Mr. Atkins saw how crowded I was in my former room and the inconveniences I was put to he determined to make this house for me, so I was consulted as to how I would like to have it arranged. The house has a sitting room, a bed room and a store room for school supplies that must be kept under my eyes as medicines and materials for the sewing class. There is a sleeping porch that is really an unclosed room with mostly wire netting for the walls, though there is a door that can be locked. In order to increase the number of rooms I may call the space under the sleeping porch a garage for my foot bicycle and to stretch still farther I can sit on my front step that has a hood over it made by the continuation of the roof. The fresh pinkness of the walls and the white paper with the varnished floor make it shine with newness and cleanness. It is not overcrowded with furniture so there is room for a goodly

number of people. Mr. Brueckner thoughtfully put in a broad high shelf under one window so I can have a line of plants to give life to the room. It is so restful and convenient.

We have been having a rather trying experience this last three weeks on account of a return of "flu." Three girls were so bad we sent for a doctor twice and had a nurse for a week, but though the expense was so great, we saved the girls, as I was afraid we would not be able to for a short time. Two of the mothers were sent for, but four came and have been camping down on us for a week. We have had a hard time to keep them from taking their girls away in cold rough weather thereby exposing them to a return of the sickness.

My work in the class room is mostly Bible and a few classes in English; the rest of the work is sewing or cooking, but I keep the register for the second grade Normal class so it gives me a hold on the forty-one boys and girls. On the board at the back of the room I have drawn in colored crayons, a frame for a motto that I change every week. As I was putting the one on Saturday afternoon, the door of the school room was darkened by the brisk figure of a very black Zulu who inquired, "How many volts in this light?" I gasped and remarked that I did not know, but he could find out by asking the one who put in the light. "The electrician?" "Yes," I managed to say, "Mr. Brueckner." "Ah, I want to put this iron into my house," opening a small box he had under his arm and drawing out an electric flatiron, "To press clothes," he volunteered. "I am an engineer; been four years in France. Worked on big boat, sail on the sea—Union Castle. Been in America, India, all over." "Are you going to have the electric wires carried to your house?" "Yes, if the electrician is willing."

Having a vision of a Zulu hut and an electric wire to light it with a drop for an iron seemed to me grotesque, but I managed to keep my smiles to myself till he had hustled out as he had come. When I asked him his name, he seemed a bit embarrassed, but fumbled in the region of his various pockets and finally told me that he had not one of his cards with him and informed me that his name was Sibiya. This is good Zulu so I guess he is all right.

He said he had come back in June. Knowing the slow torpid ways of the average Zulu, this man was a wonder. He tripped off with a heathen man passing, who had only heathen clothes on and that was not much to boast of.

By the way I have not told you the name of my cottage. Since it was completed during the Peace celebrations, and since I moved in the day the others went to Durban to the celebrations there, I have given it the Zulu name for Peace which is Ekutuleni (the locative form). One of the girls put on a paper "Ekutuleni Home," but the two languages mixed did not seem artistic, so I left the Zulu word alone. Last term, one of the girls was not very well so I attended to having her sleep in a protected place and gave her some warm clothing, for which her father was so grateful he sent me a wooden spoon of native workmanship on which was carved the word "*Home*" which the man had seen somewhere and thought it would be nice to carve. This I have on the mantle over the fireplace so that I have the Zulu name outside and the word "*Home*" inside.

Last year we had a very good report from the inspector for our basketry, but this year we hope to do better, and I think we shall have a creditable display as we all know more about the making of them. Miss Dickinson, who is our gain and Inanda's loss, is teaching the girls to model clay pots as soon as they have finished a basket for me. They are turning out some very nice clay pots. She took a course in Durban at a winter school about a year ago, so she knows more about it than I do. She has some white clay that she is using for decorations. It is surprising how well the girls take to the decorating. Her veranda is a busy place every afternoon.

We are fortunate in having inspectors who are sympathetic with native workers. It is with Miss Hopkinson that I, at present, have the most to do in connection with the sewing and cooking. She has just been here on an official visit looking at the work of the station or village schools. Miss Hopkinson made the little girls happy by telling them that their sour-milk griddle cakes tasted very nice. She was kind enough to come

into the highest class of the Normal and show my girls how to do candied lemon peel and to frost cakes with the tubes in a fancy way. The girls were delighted to see the fine production all in ridges and roses and curlycues. She is highly trained in the art of cooking and sewing and every other branch of domestic science, or art, as one wishes to designate it, and this she is devoting at present to the natives. During this visit she had nothing to do with the Training School, so the help she gave to the upper class was pure kindness.

Last Tuesday afternoon I had all of the native teachers for tea and a pleasant social time in which Miss Dickinson helped me, for she showed them how to play a game over which they all got excited. It is so nice to have a place large enough to entertain one's friends.

We miss the LeRoy family, but at the same time we are glad to remember that they are having a chance to rest and visit their friends, also are getting opportunity for inspiration in that beautiful land of ours. You have doubtless been able to hear first hand from one who knows the conditions here at Adams.

An Easter Pageant for Sunday Schools

The Interchurch World Movement has just completed preparation of a very good pageant called "Youth's Easter." It was written by Miss Helen S. Willcox, and is especially adapted to use by Sunday schools. Miss Willcox prefers to call it a "Morality Play," but, play or pageant, you will make no mistake if you substitute this for the more usual type of Sunday school entertainment or concert. It may be given either on a week-night or on Easter Sunday itself, and will use Juniors, Seniors and Intermediates. As we go to press, it is still impossible to tell the price of this play, but we shall be glad to supply you with copies from this office, sending the bill for subsequent payment, if you will write to the Young People's Department, Woman's Board of Missions.

Snap Shots

By Pauline Jeffery, Madura, India

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS

FROM the deck of the steel-gray (war-painted) Hitachi Maru, I was watching the Japanese stewards bid farewell to their families on the Yokohama docks; it was a sad parting, for all realized that the steamer was headed for the war-zone. Though tears flowed (and they may have been justified, for the steamer was sunk by a German torpedo two or three days after we left it at Colombo), the profuse Japanese bow was the only caress between husbands and wives which we observed from our pinnacle.



A High Caste Indian Lady



Though I have never even professed to be an authority on "pretty girl questions," I have found my attention forced to the subject of etiquette more than once since those days of Japanese sunsets. Aside from the element of foreign interest which we feel in such reflections, I have imagined that they may be made to help us as we rub elbows with the East. The jostling of races and nations seems bound to come and it may pay us to learn to recognize the spirit of friendliness in strange garbs.

I am told that the Maori of New Zealand greets an honored guest by rubbing his nose with the guest's. The Chinese shakes his own hands; the Japanese bows from the hips; the American can offer you anything from the distant bow to the more violent effusions; the Indian either salaams with his right hand, or places the palms of his hands together beneath his chin in the attitude of worship.

The American comes out to India with the notion of reforming forms of etiquette as well as forms of religion. He has the idea that something more than the salaam or *thotharam* is necessary to

break the race prejudices, or caste distinctions which breed a class of "untouchables"; so the American offers the warmth of a genuine hand-shake. At the close of a Home Rule meeting, my father went forward to shake hands with the chairman, an orthodox Brahmin; as he extended his hand to my father, he managed to slip the loose end of his cloth over it to prevent it from being contaminated by actual contact with my father's "out-caste" hand. Of course, this was an orthodox Brahmin, and such an experience might be considered very rare in the more modern life of an Indian city, but if you met it, which would you do,—cast your greeting into thin air, or persist in squeezing it through a strainer in order to break down a little over-sophistication?

UNMENTIONABLES

Besides a class of "untouchables," India has a place for unmentionables. To quote the words of Mr. Devadoss, B. A., B. L., Barrister at Law, "The wife, until she becomes a middle-aged woman, should not talk to her husband in the presence of her relatives, and should not, on any account, be seen talking to the husband in the presence of the parents-in-law. The wife should never call the husband by his name or address him in the singular number. This prohibition against calling her husband by name in some Indian com-



munities is carried to such an extent that the wife never pronounces the name of her husband or even a syllable of it. I have known of instances where the husband's name being *Sooppu* the wife refused to pronounce the word *Ooppu*, meaning 'salt.' The root-idea is that it is improper to call any person by name unless he is younger in age or inferior in social position." Though the wife and children must always use the plural honorific in addressing the master of the household, the husband and children address the wife and mother in the singular number. Some try to explain this by saying the children are more intimate with their mother, but the likelihood is that the practice had its origin in the Eastern contempt for womanhood.

"The husband," Mr. Devadoss goes on to say, "should never call his wife by name in the presence of relations and friends. It is bad form for a man to talk of his wife; she should be indicated by words denoting house or family or children. It is this etiquette that makes our men with an English education say 'My family is sick,' meaning the wife is ill."

One of our Indian Christian girls, just returning from her medical course in Madras, quite shocked the sensibilities of the orthodox Indian pastor when she addressed a missionary, calling him by his surname. The pastor thought this liberty seemed to put her on a par with the missionary, when she ought to have been assuming the role of the inferior.

It's not safe to mention a person's good looks or healthy appearance. When you meet a person the proper thing to say is "How lean you look!" or "How poorly you are!" It afforded me some amusement when a doctor, wiser than I in Indian customs, told a stout woman in a royal family that her cheeks were looking hollow! These pessimistic reflections are intended to ward off the evil eye. It is the same dread of evil consequences that makes a Hindu unwilling to count his children; the evil spirit might think there are too many and some should be taken away.

RESPECTORS OF PERSONS

For anyone who is fond of drawing artistic contrasts, a fertile field may be found in trying to compare the signs of respect in

India with those which predominate in the West. If college students are still rebelling against wearing coats in hot weather, they had better settle in India where the removal of all garments above the waist is the sign of proper respect for others. If a low-caste man meets a Brahmin or a superior on the road, he hastens to remove his shoulder cloth (if indeed he is fortunate enough to have one), and then he ties it around his waist.

Another thing that goes down is the umbrella. Aristocratic English ladies prefer to have a servant tagging along behind them with the burden, but the umbrella is the crown of dignity for the Indian. A low-caste Christian pastor was travelling on foot with some fellow Christians. They had umbrellas with them as they had been having a long walk through the fields in the heat of the day. As the little group approached the high-caste street of a village, all lowered their umbrellas except the pastor, who declared that he preferred comfort to false humility. He held the umbrella up until he was mobbed and soundly flogged by the indignant high-caste inhabitants of the village.

Our admiration for the graceful figure with the earthen water-pot balanced on the head is not appreciated by our educated Indian girls who shy from mastering the art because the head is the seat of intelligence and not of water-pots. If the head is made to do coolie work, the implication is that it has not been trained to do anything better, so we find it very difficult to persuade the girls to raise the pot from the conventional left hip to the head, in spite of the disfigurement and spinal curvature which result from the heavy burdens imposed on the left hip, as in our picture.

Inferiors should always stand in the presence of superiors. This even applies to the mother of the family when her husband is at home. Some even of our Christian families don't know what it is to form a family circle about the father on the floor. This sign of respect should be shown to strangers, also. A Christian catechist, after a long walk, sat down under a tree to rest and was too weary to notice a man approaching on a bicycle. But he was forced to observe the presence of the stranger when the young zemindar sprang from his wheel and gave the catechist a whipping which is tingling through his veins yet—a harsh reminder.

How far can western ideas of democracy be grafted upon a community whose entire social texture seems to be woven out of such different fabric? How far shall we urge our Indian Christian friends to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and how far shall we summon them to be "transformed by the renewing of their minds," or endure being "persecuted for righteousness' sake"? Sometimes it seems as if a good many wine skins are being broken in the impact of the new with the old.

But these are only snap shots and not panoramic views. I suppose it is always dangerous to draw hard and fast distinctions, or generalize about the customs and conventions of any country. I know of only one statement about India which will bear the test of generalization, and that is that nothing in the social, economic, or religious life of the country can be said to be *universally* true.

Even in our own school, I have investigated violent arguments among the girls themselves. I just heard of some Indian students in America who flatly denied all that some missionary had said about child-marriage still prevailing in India. A short time later, I happened to be standing beside the bed of a fourteen-year-old mother in the silk-weaver's caste. A child widow in our Woman's Hospital was married at the age of five and is now made an unwilling mother at the age of eleven. She wants to leave her baby with Dr. Parker and return to her rather high-caste home. So we can afford to learn the lesson taught to the six blind men who tried to see the elephants: "Think others see as well as you!"

Pity the church if this age gets away from it; if the golden opportunity of today slips away out of reach; if the vision of the coming conquest flashes upon unseeing eyes; if the church feels no throb of agony and makes no adequate response to Christ's summons to a new departure.

WILLIAM E. DOUGHTY, in *The Rising River*.

Reaching My Ceylon Home

By Ruth Holland

AFTER two months of travel I really feel at home, although I haven't been here a week yet. The trip was very pleasant with so many of us together nearly all the way. As far as I could discover, I was the only white person on the train from Colombo to Uduvil. It gave one rather an odd feeling, and it was strange to be entirely alone all day without even a conductor or porter to speak to. The scenery was so interesting that I had time neither to get lonesome nor to take the nap which friends had suggested. Miss Clark came down the line a few stations and then rode back with me. Uduvil's funny little bandy was waiting for us at the station.

As we approached the mission compound all was bright with torches and lanterns. Just outside the gate we left the bandy. I soon learned the meaning of the festive appearance of the compound. About three hundred and twenty of the school girls, dressed in white and carrying palm branches, were lined up on either side of the walk. As we walked up to the house through the aisle thus formed the girls sang a song which had been composed in my honor. The first seven verses were in Tamil, but the last one was in English and was quite understandable even to me. The veranda was decorated with hundreds of pennants cut from different colored paper and hung on strings. A large number of missionaries from the nearby compounds welcomed me most



Welcome to Uduvil

cordially, making me feel at home at once. After a nice dinner I was glad to retire for the night with a feeling of gladness that I was home at last and that I was going to like it all. Many were the strange sounds that my unaccustomed ear noticed that night—loud voiced birds and insects, cats and dogs, and the scampering of squirrels and rats in the roof overhead.

The next noon came the feast of rice and curry with the native teachers and pastors. We sat crossed-legged on the floor with a banana leaf in front of each person. On this was a large pile of rice and around the outside six or seven different piles of curries. I tried them all and although they were quite hot with spices I did not dislike them.

At four came the welcome meeting. The program consisted of songs and pantomime, depicting the work at Uduvil. One tiny, brown kindergarten child hung a chain of sweet white jasmine buds around my neck. Two addresses of welcome — one in Tamil and the other in English—written by two of the native teachers were read and I was presented with copies of them printed in gold on light blue paper. Then came the moment when I must mount the platform and make a reply with the aid of the interpreter. The only thing about it worth mentioning was its brevity! The afternoon closed with words of kindly welcome from Miss Howland, Mr. Ward and Mr. Miller. It surely was a royal welcome from start to finish. My only regret was the time and effort it must have cost the busy missionaries and teachers of Uduvil.

My first week was a very busy one full of interesting experiences. Thanksgiving day I attended mission meeting and the wedding reception of one of the Christian school girls. Friday was the opening of the Freeman Memorial Ward at the McLeod Hospital and a chance afterward to see the hospital. Saturday afternoon Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Brown took me with them on a business visit to one of the outstations in charge of a native pastor. Sunday I attended a Tamil service in the morning at Uduvil and a Christmas carol service at Jaffna College in the evening. Wednesday I began the study of Tamil and am hoping for an uninterrupted period of study.

The Joys and Difficulties of a New Venture

By Olive Greene, Smyrna

A very interesting development of the work of the American Collegiate Institute is the opening of a branch day school solely for Turkish pupils out in the suburbs of Smyrna. Miss Olive Greene was the member of the faculty chosen to supervise this new school, started at the invitation of the Turks themselves, and she is living at the schoolhouse and trying to do the work of three people with all sorts of handicaps.

LITTLE Hosrofouhie is gazing in wonder at the performance of the "mini mini yazy machinasi" from America. She thinks it works so fast! I wish it did! I am sitting in my own office in the Turkish department of the American school in Salahane. Yeranouhie, her mother, thinks I can talk Turkish and write on the typewriter at the same time! Again I wish it were possible! Garabed has not yet come back from town where he went on an errand. Miss Kalfa, of whom I wish there were three, my assistant, is also in town, and on the *sedir* sits the miserable Madame whom I have just told that her work is unsatisfactory and that she must depart. She was too good to be true! She promised to keep my school as her own house, to teach the French classes, and oversee Yeranouhie. It has been like living in a novel, for her tales are all of her three princely drawing rooms, her husband, beautiful as an angel who adored her, and who was rich withal, and of the terrible contrast of her present lot. To have been that and to have descended to school teaching!

Yeranouhie, too, once had fat storerooms in Yozghat and weeps over my little jam pots at memories of before the war, but Yeranouhie is a Protestant, one of the Holiness people, and though she has been through more than I can ever guess at, keeps a happy face and is quite a person. We have Turkish prayers nights, for Miss Kalfa, besides her other accomplishments, knows Turkish well. Are we not a funny mixture? Madame was born in Dalmatia, but she was educated with the sisters in Constantinople and married an Austrian. Miss Kalfa is a Greek. One of the Turkish teachers is coming to live with us. I am thinking of getting a German-American or possibly a Spanish-

Jewess for the French and an Armenian graduate of our school for the sewing and fancy work.

And we are strictly a Turkish school. I was besieged by Jewesses for days. Any one wishing to have a big private girls' school, French and English, need only come to Smyrna to this quarter of the town and begin! And what a school for Turks means you will need to come and see for yourselves! I never dreamed there could be the difference there is between Turks and other children of the same class in the same city. It is a funny school, our school, but it grows day by day. Of course that is one reason why it is so funny. The children are graded according to their knowledge of Turkish, so I have all and no proficiencies in my English classes. Now that the school has reached sixty, in four classes, this arrangement becomes unendurable and we are hoping to make yet another program on an entirely new plan and grade English and arithmetic.

Have you ever thought what it would be like to take sixty children, hit or miss, who come from all kinds of schools and none, aged seven to seventeen, and make them a program of three Turkish lessons, one arithmetic, two English, and one French lesson a day besides drawing, singing, gymnastics and sewing, with two Turkish teachers, one of whom is getting married and can't come Fridays, a master who comes two periods four afternoons a week, a *hoja* who comes two periods on Friday morning, a principal who has to teach Senior Bible at the American Collegiate Institute two afternoons, Miss Snell who comes for gym and drawing on Wednesday, and Miss Perkins who comes for the same on Friday? I have done it, but somehow the French and sewing are left in the lurch. Oh yes, here is singing taught by one of our Armenian Student Volunteers on Friday afternoons. But isn't it a funny school, all language and no contents! You see, it is made to order to suit the demand, but I hope next year we can teach them something besides arithmetic!

There are three Turks very much interested in us and I am sure we would never have come into existence for some years if it had not been for Raemzy Bey, a graduate of the boys' college,

and his sister who went to our school. The Turkish director of education is furnishing the Turkish teachers and the Greek commissioner is giving us chairs for our assembly room. For the rest we are furnished with black benches remaining from a German school here and cast-off things from the A. C. I.—and when the A. C. I. casts off things there is a reason! Poor Yeranouhie nearly wept at the last load. It was tables from the British base at Mudros and some old, old things from our cellars. Garabed has decided that the school in town is a terribly dirty place.

But our garden and our view and the air here make up for our poverty. We are in a big Turkish house which the Greeks looted at the time of the occupation. The garden has fountains and goldfish and pines and chysanthemums and is in three terraces besides the main level where the house stands. We are nearly an hour from the school in town, an interesting walk through the bazaars or by the hill. There are horse trams, but the quicker way is to walk. The boats run nowadays very infrequently. We are way up a street of steps, and look out over one of the finest views you can imagine, mountains and blue water and red roofs and gardens. I can't see why we are not as famous as the bay of Naples.

I love it, but I wish I knew more than three persons or that some one would come out and help in this business. Even our books do not come! However, we are making a school and I am hoping it will pay for itself with the exception of my salary. The number we have now covers our budget, but, with butter a dollar thirty-five a pound and queer at that and going up, I do not dare to be too hopeful.

We are going to be bold and rash and take four boarders! Imagine me not only being lady principal but housekeeper, and that in a Turkish house where the kitchen is across the garden and there is no oven within half a mile, and there are no telephones or free deliveries or taking of orders and your excellent Garabed is of the East and thinks day after tomorrow plenty of time for the melon you desire for today's luncheon. However, Louise Kalfa fills all deficiencies and is beside a most satisfactory companion and seems really to enjoy camping out in this great

bare house. The sunshine and quiet and sweet air and floods of moonlight can almost make up for anything, and when I find time to look at the blue floor of the gulf beyond our treetops, I forget my educational problems and just rest.

For we have educational problems in quantities. I find myself looking down into an abyss of I hardly know what yet. Most of the children find it practically impossible to pay attention; they are interested only when they themselves are reciting, and ask questions that I have already individually answered repeatedly. It often takes half an hour to teach what I am sure would be taught American children in ten minutes. I should go mad from the noise and confusion if not from shame and a sense of failure, if it were not for the fact that the improvement is almost as striking as what remains yet to be done.

Things are greatly complicated by the fact that we can't find a French teacher, and no program that we have yet made is wholly satisfactory. We really need a few Americans, to teach some of the English and fancy work and gymnastics and to be here all the time and work more steadily with the children, for, although they forget, they are very responsive and I trust repeated instruction and constant training will have its effect. The trouble is now that the lack of discipline everywhere except in Miss Kalfa's and my classes goes far to undo what we are trying to do. They are uncontrolled and break out into violent weeping easily, they have no sense of wrong in copying, and many of them are extremely nervous. They tremble and stammer when they are trying to recite and hang on to their lips with their hands to keep them still enough to articulate the words. Some of the little boys—for we have boys up to eleven—are the frailest, palest, slightest little things. They play heartily enough, and make enough noise for ten.

“When they had prayed the place was shaken.” We need to be shaken so that choked channels may be opened; small channels widened and deepened; new ones riven where none are now; channels big enough for God and big enough for this hour. When they had prayed they were shaken.—W. E. DOUGHTY, “If Millions Prayed.”

Our Missionaries as Seen by a Recent Traveler

By Adelaide S. Dwight

Miss Adelaide S. Dwight, formerly a missionary in Turkey, has just returned from an extended tour through Asia Minor in the interests of the orphanage work, and is now in the office of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East. In a letter received from her in December, she gives news of some of our missionaries, which will be of interest to those supporting them. She writes:

I do so want to tell you of all the splendid things our W. B. M. women are doing. Of Miss Graffam's work, of course, you know. Mrs. Sewny, too, in Sivas, is doing a big work in keeping house for the big crowd of transients and at the same time cleaning up children, running a day nursery and, most important of all, the receiving station for new arrivals. She is the mother of all the transportation boys, and they all say it feels like home to get to Sivas.

In Harpoot the whole atmosphere is that of the station, not the A. C. R. N. E. Mary Riggs is in charge of the orphan work and the children are scattered around in groups of 100 or so. Miss Jacobson had them that way, and by her own instinct for giving the children as nearly normal a home life as possible, worked out many of the most approved modern methods without knowing it. Consequently, the work for orphans there is very much simplified. Mary Riggs of course is extremely busy, and working incessantly as she has poor relief as well as orphans, but she seems very well.

Miss Loughridge, Miss Orvis and Miss Richmond in Cesarea are all doing different kinds of relief work. Miss Loughridge has all the orphans, Miss Orvis the educational work and Miss Richmond the relief work in the city. In Adabazar, Miss Kinney's orphanage has the atmosphere of her old girls' school;

and Miss Holt has the Nicomedia girls. Of course most of the schools are merely grammar and primary—there are no high school children left, and even the twelve-year-olds can hardly read. But in Constantinople and Adana things are as usual.

The Appeal of the Indian Child

By Elizabeth Viles MacBride

ONE hardly knows how to write about Indian children. There are so many different kinds even right here in our little town. There are little Brahmin boys and girls with skin as fair as many of you and your children. They feel they are better than any one else and even when still small learn not to touch any one who is not a Brahmin for fear of being polluted or made unclean. They would not dream of eating or taking a drink of water at your house for anything. They are bright at school and very attractive, but it is not about them I would write. Then there are the money lender class children who go about loaded with ornaments. Even the boys have pearl ear-rings and the girls fairly clank when they walk with their heavy silver anklets. They wear very full skirts, sometimes twenty yards full. Neither the Brahmins nor Money Lenders ever eat any kind of meat or eggs, or kill a mosquito or bug for fear they might be killing the spirit of some great-grandfather. Then there are the Mohammedans who are different still. They say, "Our religion is like yours. We believe in one God as you do." That is true, but they do not believe in Jesus as their Savior and Lord. A Mohammedan girl has a fairly good time till she is nine or ten, but after that she never goes out except after dark or wrapped from head to foot in a big sheet.

She does not have much fun. Among all these people girls are married surely by the time they are thirteen or fourteen and boys when sixteen or so.

But I want to tell you a little about the great mass of Indian boys and girls who live in the villages, the poor boys and girls who hardly ever have really enough to eat. Their homes are one-room huts with walls made of sun-baked mud bricks with a flat or straw roof. Usually there is no window in the house. The mother cooks over a little open fire. Wood is scarce so they use dried cow manure for fuel. They wet it with water and smear the dirt floor and think they are very clean. At night all the family, with the goats if they are fortunate enough to have any, sleep on the floor with the door shut, in the cold weather. When it is hot, they sleep anywhere they happen to be when they get sleepy. Going to bed is not very hard when you have no bedding but the cloth you have worn for a dress or trousers all day and only one shirt to wear day and night till it wears out. You wash it by beating it on the stones in the brook and let it dry in the sun while you take a bath, using a stone to scrub yourself with. You have never seen any soap.

What do the children have to eat? After their father has eaten they and the mother have what is left. When times are good, twice a day they have bread made of coarse flour and water



A Mohammedan Girl

baked like a pancake. With it they eat the most peppery sauce with vegetables or lentils in it. Tears would roll down your cheeks if you took one bite. During the dreadful famine, lots of the people just lived on roasted sweet potatoes. Of course there are things to eat in India which you would like, candy and sweet cakes, but these village boys and girls seldom see things like that.

Little girls are not a bit welcome in India. The father says, "Nothing has been born in my house" when a girl baby comes. I know one little girl whose name is "Necoshi," meaning "not wanted." When we go to the villages we always see little girls of five or six with tousled hair carrying baby brothers on their hips. The baby brother probably has a tight hood on and not another stitch. They seem to think if one's head and shoulders

are warm nothing else matters. Girls are expected to learn to cook and sweep, to go to the river for heavy loads of water which they carry on their heads, and to obey every one. They do not have much fun. Sometimes the whole family combs and oils its hair, washes its clothes and goes off to another village to a temple. That is a great event.

Boy babies are always welcome. Often they are given the name "Dhondi" which means a stone. The mother thinks she will fool the god in that way. Surely, she thinks, the gods would not bother to take a stone



Ready for Work



Two Monkeys

away. Are you not glad you do not believe in that kind of a God? Village boys are expected to work, too. They take care of the goats and sheep on the hills and at harvest time they have a job which is fun. A platform is built in the middle of the grain field and they sit on it and yell and throw stones to keep the birds from eating the grain.

Sometimes they go to a school in town, but if they are "outcaste" boys the Brahmin teacher lets them sit in the corner but will not teach them. Then some day a missionary comes to the village. The boys and girls crowd around. Perhaps they have never seen a white face before. He tells them very simply that God is their Heavenly Father and has loved them so much that He has sent His Son

to show them how to live. He tells them that people, far away, many days' and weeks' journey away, want them to know of this loving Father. So they have sent money for a school and a teacher who will teach them about God and to read and write. After a while a change comes in that village. The people are cleaner, they do not lie nor steal nor quarrel so much. Every evening the whole *wada* gathers to sing Christian hymns. The children go to school; the girls have tidier hair.

After a while some of the bigger boys and girls go away to the Mission boarding schools where they learn a trade or are trained as Chris-



A Little Caretaker

tian teachers. Some of our very finest Christian preachers were once little village boys. There are hundreds of villages where there are no schools and where the boys and girls are growing up in darkness, just because people in America do not care enough about Jesus Christ to send money and to pray for the boys and girls in India and China and Africa.

Board of the Pacific

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Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER, 355 Reed St., San Jose

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Editorials

Miss Edith Tallmon is now at work in her loved Lintsing field. At the last annual meeting of W. B. M. P. there was a beautiful

A Worker Commissioned. Commission service for her, she having slipped away in 1911 without the customary service. Dr. H. H. Kelsey gave the Commission, but it was Rev. Emery W. Ellis of Lintsing who welcomed her to that great field which he knows so thoroughly.

“On behalf of the one hundred missionaries of the North China Mission, of the half hundred little children in the Lintsing Kindergarten, of the three hundred women and girls who have already united with the Lintsing church together with the thousand women of our constituency, and on behalf of the three thousand women and girls who yearly receive treatment at the Lintsing Hospital as well as the one million of the great Lintsing field, I welcome you to the missionary service.

“On behalf of the scores of destitute women who said when you left for your furlough, ‘Who will love and care for us now that Miss Tallmon has gone away’; on behalf of the women of the sixteen out-stations; on behalf of the girls of the training classes

and the women of the station classes, together with the Bible women of the city and country field, and the missionaries who covet your fellowship, and the many Chinese friends who await your return, I welcome you, Miss Tallmon, to sacrificial service for the Kingdom of God in that needy land of China."

Miss Tallmon's sweet reply, as she turned to the audience was, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" and "You, also, helping together by prayer."

Is it possible to feel really joyful when there is *Nothing* to feel joyful about?

Joyful
About
Nothing.

Since last June the directors of the Board have been trying to attain to that altitude of spirit; and month by month, as they united in the effort, they felt the spirit of joy welling up within their hearts, although it was accompanied with the consciousness that was mathematical in its certainty, that there was continually less and less to be joyful about.

Now they affirm honestly, ecstatically, thankfully (and call on all the constituency to rejoice with them), that they are supremely happy about *Nothing*.

"Nothing" is the amount of the indebtedness of the W. B. M. P. to the American Board, in place of the \$9,000 deficit, the result of several years' arrearages.

"Nothing" is the record of the once heavy weight which burdened the minds and hearts of the directors whenever they thought of the hampering debt.

"Nothing" is their reply when asked "What is to be more avoided than a failure to meet the Board's appropriations?"

How was this happy achievement made possible? First, by the magnanimous offer of a devoted member of the Board, Mrs. Charles D. Blaney, of \$5,000 if the constituency would add \$4,000 by January 1, 1920. Second, by the loyal response of sympathetic friends throughout the Coast with gifts varying from \$1 to \$500.

Through the generous love and thought of Mrs. E. Wood Davis, the property at Mt. Hermon, California, known as Pansy Circle, is now owned by the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California. Mrs. Wood designed this gift to be used as a Congregational center. It will be a Rest Home for all Congregational workers, being kept open during the entire summer and early autumn. It is hoped that this may prove a veritable Congregational Home, where many happy days and weeks may be spent by those who love to work and rest in the midst of God's beautiful out-of-doors.

**A Rest Home at
Mount Hermon.**

Home Missionary Union of Northern California.

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Emergency Call From Wai

By Dr. Rose F. Beals

WE have been just about swamped since we got back. Do you know how many things there are to be done all at once, when one gets home from a vacation? So it is here; only this time, as we had been away nearly a year and a half, counting the time travelling back and forth, there seems to be an extra amount needed.

When we went to America, we left our medical assistant, and two good Indian Christian nurses, to run the hospital and do what they could while we were gone. I wrote you while in America, how one of these nurses, an especially efficient woman, had died of influenza. The other nurse had an offer of marriage, and it was thought wise by all her friends to accept it. So when we got back, there were no nurses and we have been trying ever since to get some. So far we have been able to get only one and she has had only half her training. But we were in such need that we took her, even so. We are longing earnestly for news from America from the nurse whom we thought we had secured to come out to us, with the hope that the W. B. M. P. women would support her.

In all the vicissitudes of our Indian life we have never been in

such need of trained helpers. The hospital is crowded full. Every room and every bed is occupied and even the verandas are crowded with patients lying on the floor for want of room inside. And we have had to turn away some because we could not do for them. For three nights now my husband has not been at home at all. Our one nurse cannot do night duty as well as day duty. And there are several cases that need special care, so he has stayed at the hospital, snatching a little sleep between times on a mattress in the supply room.

But our lack of nurses is not due entirely to shortness of workers. Our funds are exceedingly low, and we have had to go correspondingly slow on expenditures. Drugs had to be bought whether there were nurses or not, and the prices of drugs has soared above all things. Other supplies, such as blankets, sheets, pillows, etc., are terribly needed. We are trying hard to get hold of discarded army blankets from the government, so far without success. We arrived just a little too late for that, I fear. Blankets in the market are so high priced that we cannot possibly buy them with our present resources. This simply means that the patients bring whatever bedding they own, often filthy and always infected with vermin. And the poorer get along without anything, even though the nights now for three months are and will be cold.

And yet, somehow or other, ever so many patients get well and go home rejoicing. Just two cases now in the hospital, I want to mention. One is a little boy about three years old, who has suffered agonies from a stone in the bladder. He is almost ready now to go home well. You will be interested to know that as he lay there on the hospital floor getting over his operation, he has played with a small doll dressed and sent out in a box by the W. B. M. P. The other case is a woman, brought in about eight o'clock in the evening from a village six miles away. She had been frightfully gored in the abdomen by a bullock. There seemed to be almost no hope for her as she lay there on the operating table. But she is getting well, too. It is more than two weeks now and her life is practically assured. She is a case that

would have had no chance of life whatever, had our hospital not been here.

I think I have spoken before of our Sunday morning services in the hospital. Then, especially, as they gather together in one room, as many as are able, perhaps seventy-five in number, does it come over me what a marvellous opportunity we have. These patients are from all over the district. Some cases have to stay several weeks, and besides all the physical care, they get daily careful instruction in the gospel. Is it worth while? If it is, isn't it worth while doing it a lot better than we are doing it?

Dear friends, we cannot do it any better than we are doing it with the resources we have. Is it not going to be possible for the W. B. M. P. to give us better support? How can we keep on without nurses? And how are we going to pay any nurses without money?

Dr. Van Allen Writes About Madura Hospital Equipment

Dr. Van Allen's words of rejoicing will interest the generous friends who helped to provide the Madura Hospital furnishings. Dr. Parker is recovering from an attack of paratyphoid.—The Editor.

The Day has come, the arrival of the long-looked-for furniture for the Woman's Hospital. I have just come back from there. I went over to help Dr. Parker smile. Dr. Parker has been very ill as you know. She is just getting out. She is shaky yet, but she didn't need any help to smile. Miss Rogers, too, was busy unpacking the tables and lockers and other furniture and it was a joyous time. All articles have arrived in a wonderfully good condition. Of course everything is as white as white enamel can make it.

Mrs. Patton's deputation come tomorrow and all are so glad that they can see the new hospital almost complete with all this most attractive furniture. It makes one's eyes bright to behold this splendid hospital: splendidly equipped, so roomy and adapted in the most modern sense for the care of the sick. It's all for the glory of God. My! but I wish you could see it.

Field Correspondents

Miss Alice Weir writes from Johannesburg, Africa:

I must tell you a little about my district work, which takes me to the large "yards," fenced around with corrugated iron. Inside are rows of small hut-like houses of one or two rooms, small windows, and mud floors. Some of these yards are clean and tidy, but most of them are awful places to visit, far more to live in. Again, some of the natives are most respectable, and make you very welcome. Others are too busy living their life of sin to take much notice of you.

While visiting one Sunday morning, there was a great commotion at the far end of one of these yards. I found that a few minutes before the detectives had entered and turned out all their beer. As soon as they were gone, the men and women were busy with cups and spoons, trying to lift the beer from the ground, to sell it to the next lot of boys who came! They brew the beer, pour it into tins and bury it in the ground. Cinders are then put on top to make it look as if a fire had been burning there. Just before the boys come to visit in the yards, the beer is taken out and concealed in one of their rooms to be ready for sale. Last Saturday, when I was in "Roy Yard," a woman was caught brewing beer and taken to prison.

This is one of the many vices in our district, and it makes our hearts ache to see the little children living in



Miss Alice Weir in a "Yard" at
Johannesburg

such surroundings, yet we are not discouraged when we see the bright, happy faces in our Sunday school. Last Sunday, we had about 115 children. We feel we have a lot to praise God for, especially when we realize the kind of homes they come from. Mrs. Phillips has the primary department, and it is fine to hear the young voices praising God as she leads them in song.

My Bible Class girls are very faithful. I have twenty-five members with an average attendance of twenty every Wednesday afternoon. Twenty of these girls have joined the "Y" branch of the W. C. T. U. We are very happy about this as we know how much temperance is needed in our district. Once a month our Bible Class takes the form of a "Y" meeting. We repeat our pledge and follow the "Y" program. On this day, the girls have tea and buns, which they enjoy.

The women of the church meet for prayer every Thursday and each takes her turn in leading the meeting. One of the colored women in "Jameson Yard" kindly lets me use her room for a prayer meeting, once a week, with the women of the yard—women who do not go to church or meetings. The little baby girl, in the picture, is a child of this woman. She has six girls and very little money to live on. The husband only lives with her when he cares to. The morning I called, she had no money in the house and her husband was away in Natal.

Just a word about the "Helping-Hand-Club" for



An Interior View
Gabriel's Yard—Johannesburg

native girls. My dear friend, Miss Anderson, and I live at the Club. Most of the work is in the afternoon and evening when the servant girls come for classes; but the clubroom is open all day and evening. The girls can come, and meet their friends, talk, read, sew, sing or play games, whenever they feel inclined. At 9.30 we close with prayers. We try to help these girls in every way and to win them for the Lord. We have quite a few good Christian girls staying at the Club, including the American Board school teachers. We have six rooms at the back of the club, which we let to ladies who have no place for their servants to sleep. All girls who live at the club must adhere to the rules, which are much the same as those of the Y. W. C. A. for white girls.

Miss Louise Clark writes from Aintab:

Aintab is a wonderful place, just as everyone says who has ever been here, and every day we are thrilled when we try to realize that we are in Turkey. Every one is very much overworked. Dr. Merrill looks like a shadow and gets many scoldings from Mrs. Shepard and me for working an average of fifteen out of every twenty-four hours. The American Committee for Relief in the Near East have just sent a new worker up from Aleppo to help Miss Foreman, who is getting very tired. Miss Barker also is going "at top speed." Dr. Lorrin Shepard has been trying to get another doctor to help out so that he can be a "better" director for the Aintab A. C. R. N. E. and get a few other things done that he hasn't even had time to think about.

Well, I'm happy as the day is long. The superintendent of the hospital left for America on the first of September, and I have been trying to fill her place, having a day something like this. Up at 5:30 A. M. Study my Turkish until 6:30, breakfast and prayers; from 7:30 until 9:00 Turkish lesson. (Ten hours a week with the best, most patient teacher in the world!) At 9:30 the carriage is supposed to come for me (most usually does not), to bring me from "home" over here to the hospital. I am living with the Shepards on the hill. I have my lunch at noon

and tea at 4:00 with the lovely A. C. R. N. E. people who are living in the Girls' Seminary. Three mornings a week when Dr. Shepard operates, I have to be on hand to give the anaesthetic, but that work will not last much longer for me as I have been teaching one of the A. C. R. N. E. young men to give it.

A new building has recently been added to the old hospital, adding room for thirty more beds to our present fifty—also a nice big operating room. I have eight native nurses, and oh! how I long for time and the native language so that I can "train them."

Miss Anna Daniels writes from Ordoo, Turkey:

"It is dark and rainy and penetratingly cold today and has been for three days. The sea is black and angry and enormous breakers are rolling in and dashing over the wharves and against the sea walls with a constant roar. No boats have been here for several days as the little *caiques* could not possibly go out to meet them. A *caique* sailing boat is in the harbor, and flies a flag for assistance, but no one dares to go to its help. The mother of one of the young men in it has offered 100 liras to the one who will rescue him (they are Turks) and has given several sheep, which have been killed, to the poor, an attempt to appease an angry god.

"I sit now in our living room by a *mongol*. Its coals are red-hot and it is very comfortable. On it is our supper, baked potatoes just from the furiner (baker), some cornstarch pudding I have just made, cocoa and the toast which Parthena is toasting, squatting on a pillow beside it, with a short velvet jacket trimmed with gilt braid and lined with fur—Greek style!

"Meanwhile we are in the midst of making of our winter clothing, pushing it as fast as ever we can, cutting little underdresses of flannellette in six sizes, as many of a size as we need for the two orphanages and for some outside orphans and poor people. A tailor is cutting suits and caps for the boys from some dark brown blankets. The little boys will look like little Teddy bears with their brown eyes. Many women are combing and spinning wool, and others and all the girls knitting them into stockings and sweaters. At least 400 children will be clothed in

this way, and I hope to have my share, the clothes and suits, done by the end of the month and on the children. But in this sort of weather there are many hindrances. The children cannot always come to be fitted or measured, the working women have to be kept warm to a certain degree, the house being bomb-shelled with leaks, etc. So I am very busy all day.

I have also been busy getting said children measured for shoes, American shoes which are in Trebizond. This was done in wholesale fashion as to sizes, but it is quite a task, you may imagine, and all this business through an interpreter makes it harder. These people are such *talkers*. A simple question needing only "yes" or "no" often entails long and loud conversation, while I stand by uneasy in my wish to put something through promptly. We have difficulties, too, in dispensing beds, clothes, etc., as we can only help the absolutely most needy. But it is pitiful in these cold days to find women and children with a quilt thrown over their corn shucks, or hazel nut shells, their only bed. To them we give wool and burlap for cover, and, if they can work, in exchange. The same way with shoes, underwear or dresses.

"I now have in an order for 400 pairs of shoes of various sizes from babies of three to grown men and women. I have one tailor cutting from army blanket cloth about 150 suits and about a hundred more of suiting. Other tailors sew them. I have about fifteen Greek and Armenian women sewing in their homes and two women cutting in our workshop numberless garments of outing flannel of all sizes, also underwear and little dresses, handkerchiefs, towels, aprons (peshtemal style), head scarfs. There are about twenty women daily spinning wool, while others knit it into socks and sweaters and stockings. All these things are for the 400 orphans (round numbers) and the poor. I laid in today a big supply of charcoal, wood and nut shells (very good for fuel), partly for our own use for winter, partly for giving to those who are sick, old, or other good reason.

"You would have enjoyed seeing today about fourteen little Armenian children between four and six years as I dressed them up in their little gray flannel dresses. They were in a small house

containing fifty-four of the smaller children. When I arrived several were running about in their unbleached muslin chemises and trousers as their one dress was being washed, so it was little work to dress them up. When they were all fitted properly I stood them up on a long window seat and they did look *too cute*, and very happy."



AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

My Church Patch

A garden patch—one little section of Gardendom; a church patch—one little section of the Congregational church universal. Each of us has a real interest in one special church patch. Some of us have been given unusual responsibilities in the cultivation of this patch of ours. For example, the officers of the woman's missionary society have accepted the responsibility of cultivating the women of their patch in the line of missions. We must not at this point be led off into curving paths of comparison between gardens and churches. It is sufficient to note just one likeness, namely, both garden and church demand cultivation; and just two steps preliminary to this cultivation so imperative for both garden and church, namely, a survey and a plan.

It seems to me that at this present juncture in our missionary advance we need to place strong emphasis on the cultivation of the local church, and I am even thinking of it so definitely as to work out a little scheme for such cultivation. I offer it here, not as a hard and fast schedule for every church, but as suggestive. Upon such a basic idea many variations may well be made, according to the needs of the individual church where any set of workers may

be located. The point, then, that we are to keep in mind first of all is—

Each Church Patch requires Individual Cultivation

“Why, yes, of course,” everyone says at once, “we should not expect to prosper without working for our prosperity.” Though we quickly give this reply, it is, nevertheless, true that in some church situations we find a lack of knowledge concerning the soil, the fertilizer needed, the arrangement of plants for the best growth of each variety, possibly of artistic taste in general arrangement. In plain words, we find that even with a great desire to do the best with responsibility many leaders are failing to put strong enough emphasis on careful, thoughtful, scientific cultivation of their own field. They want the results, surely; they pray for them; they have some extra features in their programs; there may be an afternoon tea, or even a luncheon, in order to secure these results; the results being always new women, new interest, new knowledge, new gifts for missions. What, then, is the matter? Why is not this cultivation sufficient, all that can be done in any given case? Because it is done without a preliminary survey and a carefully thought-out plan. Recently a woman said to me, “We have a peculiar situation in our church. There is only a little handful in the missionary society. I don’t know what we can do about it.” I made some inquiries about the membership of the church and found that there were about 175 women members. This did not include women members of the parish who were attached more or less to the church. I have not had opportunity to talk at length with this woman about the situation of her little group, but I have thought very much about it, and I am quite confident that the outline which follows might give her and others in a like situation some help.

As a foreword to the outline let me say that the fundamental theory involved is that all forms of the Lord’s business should be just as scientifically dealt with as all forms of commercial business. We have advanced in efficient methods as relates to commerce. We should not fall behind in efficient methods as re-

lates to missions. It is not strange that many of us have been slow to apply science to missions. We have now fallen upon times when we cannot close our eyes to the need of such application. We also have evidences of good results secured from this application. Let us forever put behind us the thought that we destroy spirituality when we become businesslike. This would be as untrue as to say that God is lacking in spirituality because He carries on the universe by means of regular laws, rather than in a haphazard fashion. "Business life must be spiritualized," is one of the slogans of our day. Put with it this, equally true, "Spiritual life must be *businessized*." I apprehend that the latter is as essential to the development of Christ's Kingdom as the former.

Now with this bit of introduction may I imagine for a moment that Mrs. Smith, the president of the missionary society in her church, has really grasped this idea and wants to apply it. At this point comes my little schedule for some certain day upon which Mrs. Smith and her co-workers will agree. It may be a day picked out of the midst of the busy winter, even though the year is half over. It does not need to wait for October first.

Behold Mrs. Smith and her secretary engaged in preparing an invitation to be sent to the other officers and chairmen of committees, or, if the society is in the form of a Union, to chairmen of all departments and committees. "It must be for all day," exclaims Mrs. Smith, "we shall not arrive at definite conclusions unless we have time to mull over the situation." "That is true," replies the secretary, "but ten-thirty o'clock would be time enough. Then we could have two hours, stop for basket luncheon, say three-quarters of an hour, and go on until three o'clock. Then Mrs. Brown would get home as soon as the children come from school, which would please her."

The pencils move rapidly for a few moments and the invitation is ready. "Of course," said Mrs. Smith, "we have got to supplement this with our own words and explanations between now and next week Friday. You speak to every one of the officers and chairmen whom you can see on Sunday and I will do the same. I shall call at Mrs. White's for another purpose and I will urge her

to keep that day. She is as busy as any of us. You (turning to the secretary) will have these typed and will mail them tomorrow, will you not?" "Yes," replied the secretary, "I will get them off before night, but what do you think about including with the invitation an outline of the program for morning and afternoon?" "A good idea," was the reply, "and that we must think about now before we go home." (Looking at her watch.) "There is plenty of time. Sarah, I think we had better pray first, for this program is really the whole of it. What are we getting these women together for? What do we want to say to them? What is our aim?"

A little session of prayer follows, and then two alert brains and spirit-filled hearts are applied to the task of the moment, the arranging of a little program that will exactly convey their ideas of the Church-woman-situation, and will make that situation live before the eyes of the others even as a photograph lives before one's eye. The result of the next hour and of some extra time taken after lunch to make the work more complete was as follows:

A CONFERENCE ON OUR WORK

A SURVEY

Morning, 10.30 o'clock

1. Prayer Service. 2. Our Untouched Resources in Women (from complete parish list loaned by the pastor). 3. Our Untouched Resources as to Talent (from our own knowledge of the women). 4. Our Untouched Resources as to Money (from facts and illustrations). 5. Classifications prayerfully considered.

At this point the secretary looked up. "What do you mean by classifications, Mrs. Smith?" "Well," she replied, "something like this. What's the use of getting a list of women before us unless we consider a bit whether they are shut-ins, like Mrs. Blake, or society women, like Fannie Davis, whether they are young or old, occupied in business, or stay-at-homes? In other words, I am going to make it my business between now and then to classify all these women, and I am going to have it in a little

blank book, and after we have made it plain that there are some "Untouched Resources" waiting for us to claim I am going to bring out this little blank book, and even you, Sarah, are not to know what I shall have ready. I do not mean that we shall be gossipy, but we must survey our task carefully, woman by woman. That is the only way to *know what to do*. We must not strike out in any haphazard fashion." "Go ahead," breathed Sarah.

A PLAN

Afternoon, 1.15 o'clock

1. Educational features—prayer, stewardship, life recruits, mission study classes in Lent, etc. 2. Neighborhood Prayer Groups.

"You need not raise your brows, Sarah, remembering what we tried five years ago; that was a different matter and you know why we failed. Here we have something definite that we need to pray for, and we are simply going to ask some of the older ones who think they are not doing much, to help us by gathering a few congenial spirits, that together, in quiet rooms here and there, they may call down upon this effort the power of God as a real Energy. This is going to succeed; I am sure of it! 'Where two or three are gathered,' you know the rest of it."

3. Entertainment features (luncheon, evening lecture, dramatic entertainment by the young women, etc., etc.). 4. Assignment of parts. 5. The Seal, by Prayer.

"Sounds as if we were going to act a tragedy, or a comedy!" said Sarah, biting her pencil.

"No tragedy about this," said Mrs. Smith, "just plain horse sense as you see it applied every day in business. Ask your father if that is not so. When we know our situation, naturally we must pick out women who will meet it best in every particular. You don't think, do you, Sarah, that we'd better send little Sophia Clarke to call on Mrs. Whipple and invite her to our next meeting? Imagine it! Nor must we leave Mrs. Whipple unprovided for in this scheme. We will assign the work according as we are each fitted to do it."

"It's a great ideal," said Sarah. "At this present moment I will confess that in the light of your optimism I myself feel equal to take any part you wish to give me, whether it is to approach the citadel of Mrs. Whipple, or to write a drama for the girls to act."

"Come, come," said Mrs. Smith, glancing at her watch, "we must not take to devious paths, but keep to our task. We have still between now and then several hours of work before we can plan who will do what, but one thing we have settled today, and that is that we will all do something, and see if we cannot stir up our workers to such a degree that we shall not only dream of our Untouched Resources, but actually take hold of them and seize them and use them for our great work in this great time. There is my car now. I must go."

Mary F. Loud

The Tribute of An Associate

WE hear those spoken of as "dead" who have passed beyond our sight. The name of Mary Loud, of Weymouth, Mass., brings no such thought. She entered into this life August 9, 1854. On January 3, 1920, she slipped over the line, not understood by us, as we believe, into a richer life of vision and service. Indeed, service was the keynote of her life. Of herself she never thought, and she laid aside this present life serving to the end.

She was for many years connected with Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch, and the frequenters of the Branch meetings knew well and will greatly miss the gracious presence of their officer and friend. The latter she always was, seeking and meeting the "stranger in our midst" with her welcoming smile. That smile was ever ready, even when in the intimacy of friendship she admitted burdens and cares as hers.

"The little worries which we meet each day
May be as stumbling blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping stones to be
Of grace, Oh Lord, to Thee."

The last two lines give us the secret of her power which lay behind her service.

Her gracious, dignified mother early held office in the Branch as Vice-President, and Miss Loud became Recording Secretary in 1885, holding the office for a time. In 1895 she became Corresponding Secretary, and so remained until the end. She performed the routine work with painstaking judgment and fidelity, and was always generous in giving help as needed by her fellow-officers.

She had the pen of the ready writer, and greatly enjoyed her correspondence with our workers in the foreign field. She said she could not write to them the formal letters of an officer, but must write of the things of the homeland or tell a little story. And so, in response to her sympathetic, friendly letters, our missionaries became our friends instead of those whom the Branch supported. One of these, Miss Minnie Clark, when in this country, visited for some days in Miss Loud's home, and later said that in all her experience and travels she had never seen so beautiful a Christian spirit,—that it was worth the whole journey from Africa to witness it.

No executive meetings were complete unless Miss Loud were present. She would be silent, listening attentively, and someone would say, "What do you think, Miss Loud?" Usually her reply was accepted as the conclusion of the whole matter, because based upon her attention, her knowledge of the facts, combined with her clear, conscientious judgment, and given ever with touches of delicate, sparkling humor as well as of spiritual discernment.

She has rested from these labors, but her works must follow her, here and on the other side.

M. L. H.

The harem woman, the zenana woman, the foot-bound, mind-bound woman has no Publicity Committee! Few may voice her needs, her suffering, her aspirations, her capacity to help to apply the remedy, which is for the healing of the nations.

What has been done is but a drop in the ocean of what may be done, nay, more, what must be done if women at home prove themselves worthy of the men and women who are laying down their lives for our freedom.—*A Crusade of Compassion.*

Junior Department

News from Shansi—Continued

“As our cavalcade of eleven ‘yang jen’ passed through the main street of an occasional village, the children playing in the streets would cry, ‘Quick! Quick! Come, see!’ and the whole population would flock to doors and street corners to see the circus go by! They were curious but very friendly, and the customary greeting, ‘Have you eaten’ would bring a smile and a grunt of assent from any of the women along the way.

“The next morning after an early breakfast we started out to investigate the big temple at the end of the ravine, the goal of the thousands of pilgrims who visit this mountain during the third and fourth months of each year. A walk of fifteen minutes or so along a path very similar to the one which we had traversed the afternoon before, brought us to the foot of a stone-paved path which zig-zagged up and up to a level much higher than the one along which we had been traveling, and to a wayside temple, and a broad flight of stone steps reaching up, up, up to the blue vault, apparently of Heaven itself. There were one hundred and twenty-one in this first flight (we counted them as we went), and another flight of forty-eight from this main temple area up to another temple built into the cave-like side of the cliff above. The temple interior was very similar to that of any other Buddhist temple, with its three colossal Buddhas, its beautiful lanterns and embroideries, curious old drums and incense burners. There were numerous ante-rooms filled with gods and even caves in the cliff above, where the ungainly creatures of mud, wood, iron or stone have found an honored resting place.

“But most interesting of all were the exterior features,—the numberless little bells hung by pilgrims on the concave face of the cliff above. In order to hang these bells the pilgrim, in each case, of course, a man (for as far as we know we are the first women who have ever climbed the mountain) has to be let down by ropes from the top of the cliff, and when the rope is sufficiently long has to set the rope swinging until it carries him

in close enough to the cliff for him to drive his stick into the hard surface of the cliff and hang upon it the little bell which he has brought with him. You can have no conception of the difficulty of this feat unless you have once stood on the narrow ledge on which the temple is built and have looked up, up to the top of that great cliff above, and turning, looked down, down, hundreds and hundreds of feet to the little mountain stream in the ravine below. Do you wonder that the pilgrim who succeeds in performing this difficult task receives special merit from the gods? But even more difficult was the test of courage or devotion which we found just around the corner, two long iron chains, up which the pilgrim must go, hand over hand, finding foothold as best he may in the rocky surface of the cliff. On the links of these great chains are inscribed the names of the various cities and towns of Shansi.

“In the afternoon we followed our little path to the very head of the canyon, and then made our way back to the mouth of it, crossing and recrossing the little stream, and obtaining from this low level an impression of the height and grandeur of the mountains, far surpassing that which we had received on the higher level. And here in the canyon we found constant delight in the new varieties of flowers which we found everywhere blooming so gaily among the rocks.

“A night spent in the courtyard of the temple at the foot of the mountain, an early breakfast of millet porridge, and we were off on the homeward trail,—a long journey for one day, but our little cavalcade filed into the South Gate of the city at nine that evening, tired and travel-stained, but all proclaiming the trip ‘the best yet’.”

Woman's Board of Missions

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer*

Receipts January 1—31, 1920

Friend, 500; Friend, 50; Friend,
1, 551 00

MAINE

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Friend, 50; Amherst and Aurora, Ch., 2.50; Ashland, Union Ch., S. S., 10; Bangor, All Souls Ch., 9.41, S. S., 25; Brooks, S. S., 5.67; Bucksport, Elm St. Ch., S. S., 6; Calais, Aux., 2; Camden, Aux., 26; Cranberry Isles, Ch., 1; Dedham, Ch., 1; Deer Isle, First Ch., 2; Garland, Ch., 3; Island Falls, Whittier Memorial Ch., 7, S. S., Emerson Bible Cl., Ella Perry Mem., 20; Isle au Haut, Ch., 1; Lary Island, Ch., 1; Milford, Ch., 2; Monson, Ch., 1; North Ellsworth, Ch., 1; Oxbow, Ch., 1; Patten, Ch., 3; Portage, S. S., 5; Seal Harbor, Ch., 1; Searsport, Second Ch., S. S., 4; Springfield, Ch., 6; Steuben, Miss. Soc., 4.25; Stockton Springs, Ch., 1; Stonington, Ch., 48 cts.; Tremont and South West Harbor, Ch., 1; Whiting, Ch., 1, 204 31

Western Maine Branch.—Mrs. George F. Cary, Treas., 396 Congress St., Portland. Int. Harriet E. Douglass Fund, 14; Stewardship Fund, 115; Auburn, Sixth St. Ch., Aux., 15; Farmington, Aux., 3; Gorham, Perseverers S. S. Cl., 5; Hallowell, Aux., 15; Harpswell Centre, Miss. Soc., 5; Kennebunk, Aux., 10; Lewiston, Pine St. Ch., Lookout M. B., 3; Gleaners M. B., 1; Madison, C. E. Soc., 15; North Harpswell, S. S., 3; Norway, Aux., 10; Portland, Bethel Ch., 50, Second Parish Ch., Aux., 11.86, State St. Ch., Aux., 222.40, Williston Ch., Aux., 130.57, Woodfords Ch., Aux., 71.80, Y. L. Annex, 10, Jr. C. E. Soc., 25; Saco, Aux., 5; Skowhegan, Searchlight Club, 5; South Paris, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; South Portland and Cape Elizabeth, Chs., 7; Wilton, Ch., 2.37, Aux., 8, S. S., 7.63; York, Good Cheer Club, 5, 780 63

Total, 984 94

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord.—W. C. T. U., 10, Aux., Dr. Elizabeth Hoyt-Stevens, 25, 35 00

New Hampshire Branch.—Mrs. Jennie Stevens Locke, Treas., 21 South Spring St., Concord. Int. Mary A. Hadley Fund, 76; Int. Memorial Fund, 1.93; Alstead, Third Ch., 1.90; Alton, Ch., 4.30; Center Harbor, Ch., 5.20; Charlestown, Evangl Ch., 4; Concord, South Ch., Aux., Mary C. B. Walker, 50; Concord, West, Ch., 13.23; Derry Village, Aux., Mrs. C. E. Newell, 10; Fitzwilliam, Ch., 7; Gilsum, Orthodox Ch., 6.80; Goshen Ch., 1.80; Greenland, Ch., 12.40; Hampton, Aux., 5.50; Hancock, Ch., 10; Hanover Center, Ch., 7.47; Hillsboro, Smith Memorial Ch., 2.80, S. S., 3.05; Hudson, First Ch., 7.20; Keene, Court St. Ch., Aux., Alice M. Nims, 5, Carrie E. Whitcomb, 5, First Ch., 54, F. M. S., 50; Lebanon, West, S. S., 10; Loudon, Ch., 1.25; Manchester, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., Mrs. Charles B. Manning, 100, South Main St. Ch., Aux., Mrs. S. Mabel Ward, 25; Milton, Ch., 8.26; Nelson, Aux., 19; Newport, Congl Soc., 49.46, Newport Workers (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. David L. Yale), 50; Pelham, Ch., 5; Peterborough, Union Ch., 15; Portsmouth, Aux., Mrs. Mary E. Borthwick, 100; Rochester, First Ch., 5.31; Salem, Ch., 7.20, S. S., 2; Somersworth, Ch., 16.60; Swanzeey, First Ch., 8.30, S. S., 2.70; Warner, S. S., 17; Webster, Aux., 5; Wilton, Second Ch., 18, 809 66

Total, 844 66

VERMONT

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. W. O. Lane, Treas., 55 Cliff St., Burlington. Ascutneyville, Ch., 2.52; Bakersfield, Ch., 9.30; Barnet, Ch., 4.62; Barre Ch., 9; Barton, Aux. Th. Off., 20, C. E. Soc., 6; Bellows Falls, Ch., 26.84, S. S., 20, Elem. Dept., 6; Bradford, First Ch., 15.62; Brandon, Ch., 42.79; Brattleboro, West, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Henry O. Halladay), 66.32, S. S., 15; Bridgport, Ch., 8.10; Brookfield, Ch., 1; First Ch., 7, Second Ch., 10.84; Burlington, College St. Ch., S. S., 12; Colchester, Ch., 80 cts.; Corinth, Ch., 3.56;

- Corinth, East, S. S., 5; Derby, Ch., 3.50; East Charleston, S. S., 1.16; Essex Junction Ch., 33, Aux., add'l Th. Off., 1.50; Fairhaven, Welsh Ch., 2.19; Fairlee, West, Ch., 2.80; Ferrisburg, Ch., 9.50; Gaysville, Ch., 2; Granby and Victory, Ch., 1.40; Hartford, West, Ch., 4.71; Hinesburg, Aux., 3.25; Island Pond, Ch., 18.90; Lunenburg, First Ch., 14; Lyndonville, Ch., 1; Manchester, Aux., 12; Marlboro, Ch., 6.30; Middlebury, Ch., 71.13; Montgomery Centre, Ch., 5.25; Morgan, Ch., 3.36; Newbury, West, Ch., 6.12; Newfane, Ch., 12.36, C. E. Soc., 5; New Haven, Ch., 2.87; North Troy, First Ch., 14; Orwell, Ch., 38.64; Pawlet, Ch., 8.40; Pittsfield, Ch., 3; Pomfret, North, Ch., 11; Richmond, Ch., 14.28; Royalton, South, Ch., 8.28; Rutland, Aux., 72.25, Senior S. S., 20; Rutland, West, Aux., 9.87; St. Albans, Ch., 42.15; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 87.70, C. R., 7.70, South Ch., 134.48, C. R., 7, S. S., 10; Townshend, West, Ch., 4.51; Wallingford, Ch., 17; Wallingford, South, Ch., 2.80; Waterbury, Ch., 24.50; Wells River, C. E. Soc., 20; Westmore, Ch., 2.24; Woodstock, O. J. S., 10, 1087 41
- MASSACHUSETTS
- Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Miss Minnie C. Messenger, Treas., 24 Ashland St., Melrose Highlands. Andover, Free Ch., S. S., 3.37, West Ch., 26.25; Ballardvale, Union Ch., S. S., 5.67; Lawrence, Riverside Ch., 4.58, South Ch., 27.25; Lowell, Highland Ch., 22.50; Medford Mystic Ch., Aux., 45.36; North Reading, Ch., 13.06; Woburn, First Ch., 2.50, 150 54
- Barnstable Association.*—Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Acting Treas., So. Dennis. Vineyard Haven, Mrs. Mary E. Edwards, 5 00
- Berkshire Branch.*—Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Lee, Aux., 121 20
- Boston.*—Mrs. Helen M. Craig, 500 00
- Essex North Branch.*—Mrs. Leonard H. Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Amesbury, Main St. Ch., S. S., 10; Haverhill, Bradford Ch., Parish Cir., 56.25, Riverside Ch., S. S., 10.75, West Ch., S. S., 14.31; Newbury, Byfield Ch., Helen Noyes M. B., 10, First Ch., S. S., 5.28; Newbury, West, First Ch., 3.77, 110 36
- Essex South Branch.*—Mrs. Lawrence Perkins, Jr., Treas., 27 Chase St., Danvers. Cliftondale, First Ch., 28; Danvers, First Ch., Ladies' Benev. Soc., 1; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 25.41; Marblehead, Aux., 37.05, 91 46
- Fitchburg.*—Rollstone Ch., Bible School, Jr. Dept., 15 00
- Franklin County Branch.*—Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Bernardston, Goodale Mem. Ch., 20; Charlemont, First Ch., 24.76; Montague, S. S., 10; Orange, Central Ch., S. S., 11.86; Moores Corner, Ch., 5.03, 71 65
- Hampshire County Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 51 Harrison Ave., Northampton. Amherst, Miss Ethel Graves, 1.50, Worlds Work Community Club, 3, First Ch., Blue Birds, 1.25, Prim. S. S., 10; Second Ch., Aux., 5; Belchertown, Aux., 60; Enfield, S. S., 2.81; Hatfield, Real Folks, 50; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 42, 175 56
- Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Walter S. Fitch, Treas., 13 Dennison Ave., Framingham. Framingham, Grace Ch., Aux., 88.63, S. S., 21.31, Jr. Dept., 2; Northboro, O. J. S., 11; West Medway, Second Ch., Aux., 6, 128 94
- Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Mrs. Elijah Ball, Treas., 136 Marlboro St., Wollaston. Friend, 15; Abington, Ch., 19.14, Aux., Th. Off., 32.50, S. S., 7.61, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Brockton, Porter Ch., 225, Aux., 13, S. S., 18; Easton, Aux., Th. Off., 28.50, S. S., 20.19; Hanson, Aux., 9; Kingston, Mayflower Ch., 1.80; Marshfield, Aux., 21.45, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Milton, First Evang'l Ch., 5.46, Mary Frances Emerson Assoc., 30.17; Plymouth, Ch. of the Pilgrimage, 42.91, S. S., Prim. Dept., 17; Quincy, Bethany Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 21; Quincy Point, Ch., 16.23; W. H. M. S., 10, Rockland, Ch., 22.85, Aux., Th. Off., 20.70, S. S., 7.74; South Hanson, First Ch., 7.50; Weymouth, North, Pilgrim Ch., 27.25; Weymouth, South, Old South Union Ch., Aux., 2; Weymouth and Braintree, Prim. Dept., S. S., 10; Whitman, Aux., (add'l Th. Off., 1.25), 16.25; Wollaston, Aux., 75, 748 25
- North Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. Flora M. Kimball, Treas., Littleton. Ashburnham, First Ch., 10.28, Ladies' Miss. Union,

8.82, S. S., 3.15; Ashby, Aux., 48.51; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Bible Sch., Prim. Dept., 20; Lunenburg, Ladies Sewing Cir., 15; Maynard, Finnish Ch., 2.96; West Concord, Union Ch., Ladies' Miss. Soc., 10, 118 72

Old Colony Branch.—Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main Street, Fall River. Attleboro, Aux., 129; Fairhaven, First Ch., 27.37; Fall River, Friend, 500, W. F. M. S., 137.50; Middleboro, Central Ch., 39.87; Middleboro, North, Aux., 21, S. S., Prim. Dept., 1.25; Raynham Center, Ch., 9.45; Taunton, Trinitarian Ch., 32.27, Union Ch., 38.55; West Tisbury, Ch., 19, 955 26

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Blandford, S. S., 2.41; Chicopee, Third Ch., Willing Workers, 5; Holyoke, Second Ch., C. E. Soc., 10; Indian Orchard, Evang'l Ch., Ch. Sch., 11; Longmeadow, First Ch., S. S., 3.75; Longmeadow, East, First Ch., 17.52, S. S., 4.03; North Wilbraham, Grace Union Ch., 9.95; Palmer, First Ch., 10, Second Ch., 26.10; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 96.25, Kayopha Club, 10, Park Ch., 13.30; Three Rivers, Union Ch., Aux., 5, R. T. H. U. Class, 5; Westfield, Second Ch., 72.77; West Springfield, First Ch., 17.40, 319 48

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon St., Brookline 47. Arlington, Bradshaw Miss. Assoc., 175; Arlington Heights, Park Ave. Ch., 97.50; Atlantic, Mem. Ch., 30; Auburndale, Aux., Th. Off., 225, S. S., 15; Belmont, Payson Park Ch., 58.08; Boston, Old South Ch., Aux., 1275, Friend, 250, Park St. Ch., Woman's Benev. Soc., 600, Shawmut Ch., 30, Union Ch., Aux., 25; Boston, East, Baker Ch., C. E. Soc., 1; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Sr. For. Miss. Dept., 350, S. S., 30, Leyden Ch., Aux., 130; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 245, Evening Br., 30, C. R., 25, Ch. Sch., 40, Pilgrim Ch., 49.14; Chelsea, Mrs. Alton B. Atwood, 5, First Ch., 75.60, S. S., 39.65; Dedham, Chicawbot Club, 25; Dorchester, Harvard Ch., S. S., Jr. Dept., 6, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 63.16; Everett, First Ch., Bible Sch. 25, Mystic Side Ch., 23.44; Hyde Park, Aux., 42; Islington, Ch., Emile Pickhardt, 2.50;

Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., C. R., 5.40; Newton, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., 215, S. S., 10; Newton Highlands, W. F. M. S., 45; Revere, First Ch., 30; Roxbury, Eliot Ch. Aux., 100, Bible Sch., 12.28, Highland Ch., 35, S. S., Jr. Dept., 23, Immanuel-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 44.25; Somerville, Broadway-Winter Hill Ch., Aux., 25, First Ch., 41.67, Highland Ch., 35, Women Workers, 17, Prospect Hill Ch., 42, Woman's Union, 12.50, S. S., 32.26; Walpole, East, Union Ch., 15; Waltham, First Ch., Aux., 50; Watertown, Mrs. D. G. Alden, 5; Waverley, First Ch., 19.48; Wrentham, Original Ch., 42.38, 4,845 29

Worcester County Branch.—Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. Dudley, First Ch., 15.25, S. S., 5; East Douglas, Ch., 30.62; Gilbertville, Ch., 94.53; Leminster, S. S., 5.38; New Braintree, Ch., 3; Northbridge, Center, Ch., 10; North Brookfield, First Ch., 15; Oxford, Aux., 5; Petersham, Friend, 100; Princeton, Aux., 62, S. S., 2; Southbridge, Aux., 30; Sutton, First Ch., 21; Westboro, Aux., 4, Prim. Dept., 10; Whitinsville, Village Ch., Aux., 100, S. S., 76.25; Worcester, Central Ch., Woman's Assoc., 273, Old South Ch., 199, S. S., 26.08, Pilgrim Ch., 206.12, 1,293 '23

Total, 9,649 94

LEGACIES

Brookline.—Abbie E. White, by George P. Fogg, Mary E. Herman, Extrs., 5,000 00

Lancaster.—Miss Sarah A. Closson, by Alice B. Cook, Admx., 1,805 01

Total, 6,805 01

RHODE ISLAND

Providence.—Off. at Ann. Meet., add'l, 75 00

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting Street, Providence. Int. Anna Reed Wilkinson Fund, 7.50; Barrington, S. S., Prim. and Beginners' Dept., 14.63; Darlington, Aux., 20; East Providence, Newman Ch., S. S., 21.92; Kingston, S. S., 15.18; Newport, United Ch., Carry On Club, 50; Pawtucket, Park Place Ch., S. S., 124, Pawtucket Ch., S. S., 18; Providence, Beneficent Ch., S. S., 10, Central Ch., S. S., 5, Ply-

mouth Ch., S. S., 12.91, Union
Ch., Woman's Guild, 250
Riverside, C. E. Soc., 13.75 562 89

Total, 627 89

CONNECTICUT

Bristol.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest
Andrew, 25, Dr. A. S. Brackett,
25, Mr. John T. Chidsey, 25,
Miss Mary E. Hayward, 125,
Mr. J. R. Holley, 25, Miss
Madeleine H. Meder, 125, Mr.
DeWitt Page, 250, Miss Ellen
A. Peck, 6.25, Miss E. Jennie
Peck, 6.25, Mr. Epaphroditus
Peck, 50, Mr. Morris L. Tif-
fany, 25, Mr. Morton C. Tread-
way, 250; First Ch., Mr. Frank
Bruen, 50, 987 50

Eastern Connecticut Branch.—

Miss Anna J. Learned, Treas.,
255 Hempstead St., New Lon-
don. Int. Martha S. Harris
Fund, 80; Int. Eliza Freeman
Woodward Fund, 10; Int. Eliz-
abeth P. Woodward Fund, 10;
Friend, 25; Abington, Ch., 5;
Colchester Ch., 20.66; Franklin,
Aux., 5; Hanover, S. S., 4;
New London, First Ch., C. E.
Soc., 6; North Stonington,
Aux., add'l Th. Off., 1, S. S.,
2.68; Norwich, United Ch.,
Aux., Th. Off., 32.54; Old
Lyme, Ch., 18.80; Pomfret,
First Ch., 16, S. S., 9.95;
Thompson, Aux., 6; Williman-
tic, First Ch., S. S., 3.12, 255 75

Forestville.—Mrs. Frederick Wil-
liams, 25 00

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. Sidney

W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard
St., Hartford. Int. Clara E.
Hillyer Fund, 212.50; Int. Julia
W. Jewell Fund, 67.50; Int.
Olive G. Williams Fund, 25;
Friend 5; Mrs. Dwight Spencer,
100; Mrs. E. W. Capen, 250;
Mrs. Charles R. Burt, 50;
Andover, First Ch., 6.50;
Broad Brook, Ch., 7.25; Bur-
lington, S. S., 6.75; East Hart-
ford, Ch., 38.21, S. S. 6.25;
Enfield, Ch., 40.91, Aux., 25,
S. S., 7.07; Farmington, Ch.,
117.95; Glastonbury, Aux., 8;
Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch.,
200, S. S. Sr. Dept., 119.28,
Prim. Dept., 3.24, South Ch.,
Bible Sch., 45, C. E. Soc., 5,
Talcott St. Ch., 33; Hocka-
num, Ladies' Aid Soc., 10;
Mansfield, First Ch., 33.75;
New Britain, Mrs. Emma C.
Rogers, 100; Somersville, Ch.,
21.39, S. S., 12.60; Southing-
ton, Ch., 41.65; Suffield, Mrs.
A. R. Pierce, 25, Ch., 125; Suf-
field, West, Ch., 9.75; Talcott-
ville, Ch., 90, S. S., 24; Union-
ville, Aux., 62; Vernon Center,

S. S., 5; West Hartford, Aux.,
60, C. R., 7.50; Windsor Locks,
Aux., 233, 2,240 05

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith
Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church
St., New Haven. Int. Cham-
pion Fund, 21.50; Branford,
Aux., 62; Bridgeport, Olivet
Ch., Aux., 128, United Ch.,
Friend, 200; Derby, Second
Ch., Aux., 40; Guilford, First
Ch., Aux., (prev. contri. to
const. L. M. Mrs. John Rossiter),
Madison, Ch., 20.44; Mid-
dlefield, Ch., 15; New Haven,
Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 73.29,
Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 110, Wel-
come Hall, S. S., 15; Newtown,
S. S., 23; Norfolk, Ch., 153.81;
Old Saybrook, Ch., 80.49;
Ridgefield, Aux., 40.76; Sey-
mour, S. S., 10; Shelton, Ch.,
76; Southport, S. S., 30; Tor-
rington, Center Ch., Aux., 140,
First Ch., Aux., 21; Water-
bury, Second Ch., S. S., 16;
Westbrook, Ch., 9.34; West
Haven, First Ch., S. S., 63.07;
Westport, Aux., 6.55; West
Torrington, S. S., 4.25; Win-
chester, Ch., 23.28, Aux., 10, 1,392 78

Total, 4,901 08

NEW YORK

Binghamton.—Friend, 75 00

Buffalo.—Mrs. A. I. Holloway, 6 25

New York State Branch.—Mrs.

Charles E. Graff, Treas., 46
South Oxford St., Brooklyn.
Albany, First Ch., S. S., 14.29;
Aquebogue, W. F. M. S., 40;
Arcade, First Ch., Jr. C. E.
Soc., 4; Brooklyn, Central Ch.,
W. F. M. S., 185, Lewis
Ave. Ch., Evangel M. C.,
32.50, S. S., 30, Mapleton
Park Ch., 10, Park Slope Ch., C.
R., 8.27, Parkville Ch., S.
S., 10, South Ch., Friend
(to constitute L. M. Mrs.
Alice Mackey Van Name), 25,
Tompkins Ave. Ch., Women's
Union, 75; Camden, S. S., 9.36;
Canandaigua, W. M. S., 95;
Chenango Forks, S. S., 6.16;
Copenhagen, Woman's Union,
5; Cortland, First Ch., S. S.,
25, Second Ch., W. M. S., 6;
Elmira, St. Luke's Ch., S. S.,
29.63; Fairport, S. S., 25;
Flushing, First Ch., 85.55, S.
S., 22.51; Fulton, W. M. S.,
15; Gasport, Ch., 20; Henrietta,
Union Ch., S. S., 16.25; Hom-
er, S. S., 16.96; Irondequoit,
Union Ch., Woman's Guild, in
mem. Mr. Dake, 25; James-
town, Pilgrim Ch., W. M. S.,
12; Java, S. S., 1.70; Lock-
port, East Ave. Ch., 22; Ma-

drid, Woman's Soc., 7.20; Morristown, W. M. S., 20. C. R., and B. C., 5; Mount Vernon, First Ch., M. S., 25; New York, Broadway Tabernacle Ch., Soc. for Woman's Work, 120, Boys' and Girls' M. S., 3, C. E. Soc., 25, Manhattan Ch., Woman's Guild, 175; Niagara Falls, First Ch., M. S., 115; North Bangor, W. M. S., 10, S. S. Jr. Dept., 4; Oxford, S. S., 17.86; Patchogue, W. M. S., 25; Philadelphia, S. S., 7.20; Phoenix, C. E. Soc., 10, S. S., 9.50; Poughkeepsie, First Ch., S. S., 35; Richville, M. S., 10; Salamanca, P. M. L., 25; Schenectady, Pilgrim Ch., 20, Aux., 10; Syracuse, Geddes Ch., Woman's Guild, 45, Goodwill Ch., Woman's Guild, 38, S. S., 36, Prim. Dept., 12; Utica, Plymouth Ch., W. M. S., 180; Walton, Gift Stewards, Mrs. C. S. Wyckoff, 5, Mrs. Roderick Fitch, 3, S. S., 83.50, Prim. Dept., 22.14; Warsaw, Ch., 90; Rutland, Middle Road S. S., 11.72, M. S., 35.94; Wellsville, S. S., 14.21; White Plains, Woman's Soc., 50; Westchester Ch., S. S., 5, Woodhaven, First Ch., S. S., 6; Woodside, Miss Clara L. Blake, 5, 2,193 45

Schenectady.—Mr. N. R. Birge, 50 00

Total, 2,324 70

NEW JERSEY BRANCH

New Jersey Branch.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. Md., Baltimore, Associate Ch., Aux., 50, Fourth Ch., 5; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 68; East Orange, Trinity Ch., Aux., 225, S. S., 47.61; Haworth, Aux., 10.80; Jersey City, Waverley Ch., 8, Ridgefield Park Ch., 2, Park Ridge Ch., 3; Montclair, Watchung Ave. Ch., Aux., 103, Prim. S. S., and C. R., 26.40; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 25; Nutley, St. Paul's Ch., S. S., 5; Upper Montclair, S. S., 25; Vineland, Aux., 8, 611 81

PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania Branch.—Mrs. David Howells, Treas., Kane, Bangor, Ch., 7.65; Charleroi, Slovak Bethlehem Ch., 7.50; Edwardsville, Welsh Ch., Y. W. Miss. Club, 50; Germantown, First Ch., 30; Johnstown, First Ch., 12; Kane, First Ch., 60; Minersville, First Ch., S. S., 12; Philadelphia, Central Ch., Y. W. Pilgrim Soc., 10; Pittston, First

Welsh Ch., 20.02, S. S., 1.19; Riceville, Ch., 2.35, W. M. S., 1, S. S., 1.50; Scranton, Plymouth Ch., 18.75, Puritan Ch., W. M. S., 40, 273 96

SOUTHEAST BRANCH

Southeast Branch.—Mrs. C. E. Enlow, Treas., Winter Park, Fla. Fla., Avon Park, Ch., 15; Arch Creek, Ch., 5, Aux., 5; Cocoanut Grove, Aux., 35, C. E. Soc., 5; Crystal Springs, Mrs. Laybourn, 7; Daytona, Aux., 25; Jupiter, Ch., 3; Key West, Ch., 3.75; Lake Helen, Aux., 31; Melbourne, S. S., 6.12; Ormond, Aux., 30; Phillips, Ch., 1.62; Pomona, S. S., 2.04; Sanford, Ch., 18.75; St. Petersburg, Ch., 14, S. S., 9.50; West Palm Beach, Aux., 30; Winter Park, Aux., 50; Ga., Atlanta, Central Ch., Ladies' Union, 12.50, S. S., 5; Barnesville, Aux., 12.50; N. C., Burlington, Clinton Mem. Ch., S. S., 1.75; Gibsonville, Wardsworth Ch., S. S., 1.50; Greensboro, S. S., 4, 334 03

GEORGIA

Thomasville.—Allen Normal and Industrial Sch., 10 00

NORTH CAROLINA

Southern Pines.—Mrs. George R. Witte, 10 00

TENNESSEE

Nashville.—Miss Mary R. Norris, 100 00

MICHIGAN

Detroit.—Mrs. Mary W. Hulbert, 5 00

CANADA

Canada.—Canada Cong'l W. B. M., 2,275 38

CHINA

Foochow.—Girls' College, 38 85

TURKEY

Smyrna.—International College, Rev. J. Kingsley Birge, 275 00

Total for January

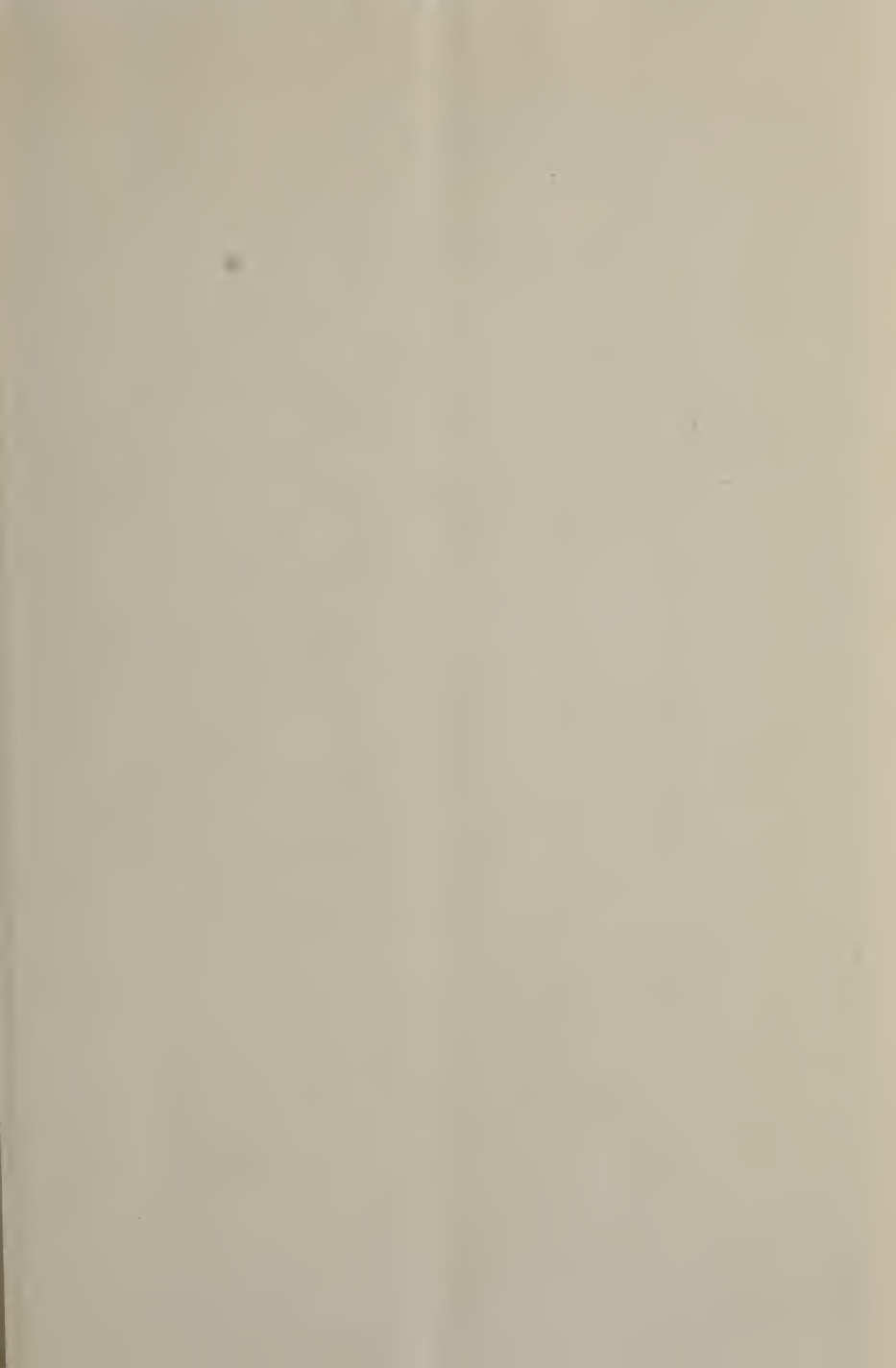
Donations,	22,279 64
Buildings,	-1,893 75
Extra gifts for 1920,	75 00
Specials,	667 26
Legacies,	6,805 01

Total, 31,720 66

Total from October 18, 1919, to
January 31, 1920

Donations,	53,562 49
Buildings,	9,429 75
Extra gifts for 1920,	2,358 00
Specials,	1,545 51
Legacies,	14,539 50

Total, 81,435 25



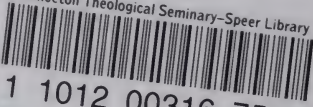
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